

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had bene visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hotsp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,

'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe,
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne:

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possesst
Of all our purposes: What say you to it?

Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayne to vs.
Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne

On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottom, and the Soule of Hope,

The very Lift, the very vtmost Bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hotsp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Mischaunce looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had bene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt

Brookes no diuision: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence:

And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:

For well you know, wee of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:

This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.

Hotsp. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,

Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it topfie-turvy downe:

Yet all goes well, yet all our ioyes are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke:
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.

The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn.

Hotsp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,

And his Cymrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,

As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls,
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,

His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,

To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

Hotsp. No more, no more,
Worte then the Sunne in March:
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,

And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood: I am on fire,

To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coast:
Oh, that Glendower were come!

Vern. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foure end dayes.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty found,

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaille reach vnto?
Vern. To thirty thousand, my Lord.

Hotsp. Forty let it be,
My Father and Glendower being both away,
The powres of vs, may serue so great a day:

Come, let vs take a muster speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.

Doug. Take not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or death's hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a
Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'll
to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it
make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage.

Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. Exit.
Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a
lowe't-Curnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse dam-
nably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie
Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me
none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire
me out contracted Batchelers, such as had bene ask'd
twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,

as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme: such as
feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck-Foole,
or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Toftes
and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then
Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:

And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Cor-
porals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as
ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Glu-
tons Dogges licked his Sores: and such, as indeed were
neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust Seruingmen, youn-
ger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and
Ofters, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and

long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged,
then an old-fac'd Ancient: and such haue I to fill vp the
roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that
you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd
Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating
Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way,
and told me, I had vnloadd all the Gibbets, and prest the
dead bodies. No eye hath scene such skar-Crowes: Ile
not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay,

and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if
they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moit of them
out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my
Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt to-
gether, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds
Coat, without sleues: and the Shirt, to say the truth,
holme from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose
Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'll finde
Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Jack? how now Quilt?

Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill
do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of West-
merland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had al-
ready bene at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more then time that I were
there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie.
The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we must away
all to Night.

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